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MARTIN LUTHER AND THE MORNING HOUR IN EUROPE

TWO LECTURES
DELIVERED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
OCTOBER 16 AND 17, 1917

By

FRANK WAKELEY GUNSAULUS

SCHOOL OF RELIGION
UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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FOREWORD

Within the walls of the William Rainey Harper Memorial Library of the University of Chicago have been deposited as gifts certain manuscript monuments of the history of the human mind in the period known as the Renaissance. The chief interest attached to the fourteenth-century manuscript of Boccaccio's *De Genealogia Deorum* has been carefully stated by Dr. E. H. Wilkins in his scholarly essay on this work. The collection of contemporary editions of Luther's pamphlets with the autographic items from Erasmus and Melanchthon, of unique importance, and given to the Library by Mrs. Emma B. Hodge, has attracted many students at this hour of the four-hundredth anniversary of the beginning of the Reformation. These all appear worthy of some connected account of the forces and personages associated with the event in its beginning and development. The collection of incunabula intimates the stupendous effect of printing by movable types. The autographic pages of Erasmus and Melanchthon reveal much of the spirit of modern scholarship which reverently and seriously has to do with the open Bible and the right of private judgment which are so largely the gift of Martin Luther. To emphasize these unique values to the contemporary mind is the purpose of these addresses given to the Divinity students of the University of Chicago and to the Association of Ministers of Chicago on October 22, 1917.

FRANK W. GUNSAULUS

CENTRAL CHURCH
October 30, 1917

LECTURE I

THE RENAISSANCE AND LUTHER

Other futures stir the world's great heart;
Europe has come to her majority,
And enters on the vast inheritance
Won from the tombs of mighty ancestors—
The seeds, the gold, the gems, the silent harps
That lay deep buried with the memories
Of old renown.

So sings George Eliot, the most accomplished and philosophic woman of the nineteenth century, about the world-event which made the Reformation, pervaded and characterized by Luther's leadership, at once possible and inevitable. It is called the Renaissance. Four centuries have furnished for us the open secret of the relations of the one to the other. The Renaissance was a reformation of the European intellect; the Reformation was a renaissance of the European conscience. Both movements were returns to the past: the intellect turned from scholasticism, in its study of Greece and Rome; the conscience felt the chains of ecclesiasticism disappearing, as once more it beheld the open gospel of the Christ. Each movement was also a distinctly marked step into the future, evidenced in the fact that in each the human soul rediscovered itself and readily bounded forward with a persuasion that to it alone belongs the infinite time.

To those, however, to whom institutions and traditions are more sacred than the soul, it must always appear that the reins of the future were held, in the earlier decades of

the sixteenth century, by four boys, each of whom looked forth with vivid expectations into manhood. He who was to rule the church as Leo X had been cardinal since he was thirteen; Henry VIII succeeded to the fortunes of the Tudor dynasty in 1509, at the age of eighteen; six years later Francis I, the incarnation of strong ambitions and weak convictions, was sovereign of France at the age of twenty; and in 1519, at the same age, Charles V of Spain was chosen to a crown unsurpassed in importance, by the extent and richness of its dominion, since the days of Charlemagne.

These men must now interest us, for the most part, only as the less conspicuous currents of human life which not less illustrious mortals represent, rushing against them, are temporarily deflected in their ongoing, or made to bear the shadow of immense personal influences upon their moving surfaces. Greater than the men who would have guided it or were guided by it, mightier than all of them, was the incoming tide which was to make such new configurations in the old shores and strew them so luxuriantly with seaweed, wreck, and pearls.

There is much to interest the thinker when the fragments of some fine old mediaeval ship are lifted upon the sands. Many hands lent their skill to its creation and many human hearts fastened their hopes and aspirations to its strength. Much of the highest faith which man knows was enshrined in its hard tissues, and much of human longing went out with the moment of its dedication to the unknown sea. If it be a creed which once promised a vision of some far-away shore, or an institution which held the ordered desire of man from the deeps of confusion, there will be voices only to wail and eyes only to weep as the wave rolls back. It must not astonish us if often, when some wave more vast than the rest, and flashing with a fuller splendor, shall have thrown far to land a single pearl, stolen in its

leaping energy from some unsuspected depth—a pearl which has both Orient and Occident hidden in its radiant completeness; a pearl which shall remind the soul of the richness of the concealed realms of life—there shall be no eye to perceive its glory, or no heart brave enough to seize it before it shall be covered with the seaweed and the slime. The very brilliance of the movement known as the Renaissance is to be felt as well as seen in the darkness which had grown old and shadowy. Popes and kings, so much the conservators and guardians of institutions, so little the inspirers and leaders of men, must be expected to impersonate the obedient and serviceable midnight rather than the imperious, restless morning. To meet, at any such crossroads, a commanding spirit like Martin Luther is to discover a new equation of life.

At the earliest date mentioned in connection with these who were the visible rulers of sixteenth-century Christendom, duly honored and enthroned, what is called the Renaissance had advanced, even in France, England, and Germany, to something like a sure promise of victory. That great band, separated by seas and mountains, but undivided and indivisible in spirit and in hope, called the "Reformers before the Reformation," had created an atmosphere so resonant and withal so true that the blows of any such reforming soul as Martin Luther already had promise of being heard from echoing cathedral doors upon which he would nail his *Theses*.

Let us patiently seek to obtain the background for this portrait so often reproduced, and, let us admit that it is the most mischievous of errors—I had almost said the most perilous of habits—for historians, on such occasions as this, to affect to separate the intellectual from the moral elements which coexist within that vast and chaotic solution out of which ultimately came the order and power of modern

life. Columbus the Spanish discoverer is Columbus the religionist who writes in his log-book the words, "In the name of Jesus." Even the monk is the copyist of classics; and the thunder of Savonarola, who seemed to disdain the Renaissance in his effort at reformation, breaks the bonds which linger to fetter the brain of Florence. All men like these are full-orbed. They show that the human soul is a unit. Faith, in all comprehensive accounts of it, is the act of the whole spirit—intellect, sensibilities, will. Such, at least, is their faith. The advance of the mental faculties meant perhaps less belief, but certainly more faith, for the deepening of man's religious life. The purification and development of true faith meant perhaps a less number of theories, but certainly a larger knowledge for man's intellectual life.

The Renaissance, as it flowered into the Reformation, was a new birth of the whole man. It was an evolution; it was a revolution—a revolution inside an evolution. It was an orderly movement; it was a disorderly movement—the disorder was walled in and guarded by order. Cosmos comprehended chaos and at length ruled it with a supreme gentleness. Delayed evolution always makes revolution; and therefore less of storm was unavoidable, for so long the calm had been a crime.

> Down came the storm. In ruins fell
> The worn-out world we knew.
> It passed—that elemental swell—
> Again appeared the blue.

When Henry VIII advanced to the English throne, and the young Francis, Duc d'Angoulême, was playing the part of a sportive boy in 1509, the currents of the Renaissance had gathered strength as they flowed from Italy, and England and France had begun to feel the well-nigh omnipotent impulse. The world had been growing larger as the

human soul had been quickened into new life and hope. For two hundred years the world had possessed Gioja's compass. The telescope had been bringing the glowing secrets of immensity into the human brain for more than two and one-half centuries. Paper and gunpowder had anticipated the invention of the printing-press, in 1455, by more than two hundred years. Columbus, who had inaugurated the practice, vied with Copernicus in penetrating boundaries and, quoting from Aristotle and Philolaus, until ecclesiasticism had grown indignant and stupid royalty had smiled. The sailors of Portugal had been as bold in the East and in the West as had the thinkers at Florence and the artists of Rome in their treatment of ideas. Italy had felt the tread of Greek scholars who fled from Constantinople to her quiet shores, as certainly as had that city of the East felt the inroads of the victorious Turks. The scholar had walked the streets of Florence since the Council of 1438 between the Greek and Latin churches, and with the freedom with which, for centuries before the opening of the Middle Ages, the Roman soldier paced the streets of Jerusalem. In 1470 Virgil was printed, to be followed in less than a generation by Homer and Aristotle. In 1482 Plato spoke to Italy in the Latin tongue through the translations of Ficino, and for years a lamp had burned before his bust in the palace of the Medici. While the flesh of Savonarola was burning, his beloved city had been reading the explanation of the harmony between Moses, the lawgiver of Israel, and Plato, the philosopher of Greece, from the pen of Mirandola. For a century a shipload of gems from India, relics from Judea, arms from Persia, or many-colored dyes from Tyre or Phoenicia had been held to be incomparably poor by the side of a galley in whose freight might be found the manuscript of an oration of Cicero or that of a drama of Aeschylus. Barlaam, fresh from ecclesiastical councils, had opened the

poetry of Greece to the student of the classics. Petrarch had sung the delicate joys of the most tender of Italian poets, and the school of Chrysolaus had for a hundred years been duly celebrated. Bessarion had made the air about him Athenian in its quality; and the monasteries had been regarded for so long as the treasure-houses of manuscripts that the hidden depravity of their clergy had been almost forgotten. Even in Germany, Politian, the Italian poet, had made a new career for himself in John Reuchlin, theologian and humanist. Latin poets at Erfurt had seconded the impulse generated by the Elector Frederic, who had founded the University of Wittenberg. The universities of Paris and Cologne had sought to surpass Florence and Venice in offering hospitality to penniless Greek scholars and wandering pedants who often spoke and wrote abominable Latin, but who, nevertheless, brought East and West together.

The complete sway of the Renaissance had, as already suggested, its most brilliant testimony in Italy. Angelo had walked through the gardens of Lorenzo, which were full of classic art in the forms of figures and statues, studying the antique; and in the evenings he had talked with Landino or Pulci about the myths of classic times. He had read Dante in the same palace in which he learned Platonism; and he was now dreaming of the glory of the Sistine ceiling. It was an atmosphere in which a Nicholas V could outwardly and proudly aid a Theodore Gaza and John Argyrolos in the attempt to interest Europe in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. Boccaccio's prose translation of Homer was in the hands of the scholar to convince him that the souls of brutes and men were the same, and he quoted Pliny as authority. The copy of the *Genealogy of the Gods* now owned by the University of Chicago was in the hands of Caluccio Salutati, Grand Chancellor of Florence, when Petrarch was his guest.

While Rienzi had been storming the castle of an extortionate nobility, Dante was uttering his devotion to Virgil in the greatest of Italian poems.

The age of libraries and collectors, of the Vatican and the Medicean, of Bracciolini and Aurispa, had come. The era of critics and grammarians had succeeded the era of feudal lords and gay knights. The lost decades of Livy were mourned over as the world never had mourned over the death of Peter the Hermit.

The new crusader, if he looked toward the East at all, had sought to recover the poems of Sappho rather than to scale the walls of Jerusalem. Art had yielded to the ecstasy of revival. Praxiteles from afar had given a new edge to the chisel of Italian sculpture, and classic stories and the classic spirit had broken the fetters in which the church had bound the genius of the immediate predecessors of Da Vinci and Raphael. It was an hour when, through the revival of learning, Henry VIII was able to hear in his land, in strange renewal, Roger Bacon's prophecy of the philosophy of Lord Verulam; when in France the young duke, soon to be Francis I, might have heard, over the noise of the proposed crusades, the voice of Abelard breaking in upon his wooing of Eloise with protests against the confusion of word-mongering with philosophy; when in Italy even the ears of Leo X were attentive to words, now aged enough, which had recorded the intellectual self-respect of the Fratricelli. That mighty triumvirate—Dante, Savonarola, Angelo, each one of whom has been called the prophet of the Renaissance: the first, a reformer and artist in poetic words; the second, a poet and artist in reforming deeds; the third, a reformer and poet in art—marks an era in Italy in which the mind of man acknowledged the subtle interpenetration of Orient and Occident.

The West had been touched by the East in literature and philosophy. The greater West had been discovered by a West which had already become Eastern. The geography of the earth was changing only with the geography of the mind of man. Here was the printing-press, which, from the day of John Gutenberg, had made intelligence independent of all localities. Man had come to a consciousness of his large world-relations, and the era of questioning all traditions and boundaries was fairly inaugurated.

It was impossible to keep this new life from entering quite as deeply into the brain and heart of England and France. For almost a generation the silence of the solemn cloisters of Westminster had been disturbed by the creaking of Caxton's press and the monks of St. Albans had mingled their muttered prayers with the more intelligible sounds of the busy pressman, comprehending little how mighty a power that printing-press would become in the demolition of Romish rites. While Niccolo de Niccoli was gathering the volumes of Boccaccio into their new wooden cases in the convent of San Spirito, another scholar was beholding that elegant copy of Livy in French—a volume of which the good Duke Humphrey was the glad recipient—a superb example, withal, from a collection of nearly nine hundred gorgeously bound volumes which the enthusiastic bibliophile, the Duke of Bedford, had obtained from Charles V of France. No longer did every scholarly chronicler write as did the Venerable Bede in commemoration of the chastity of Etheldreda:

> Let Maro wars in loftier numbers sing;
> I sing the praises of our heavenly King.
> Chaste is my verse, nor Helen's rape I write:
> Light tales like these but prove the mind as light.

On the other hand, for two centuries many of the priests had been ambitious to exhibit a classical style in speech,

and some of the affectations which the Renaissance begat in the abbeys were ludicrous indeed. While, in Italy, Angelo was proclaiming the Torso Belvedere as his true master, John Colet was bringing into his own England those lectures to be delivered at the University of Oxford in which "the new learning" was to find its first public alliance with the Bible. When Alberto Pio was supplying Aldus with the funds with which he obtained the machinery known as the Aldine press, Linacre and Grocyn were under the tuition of Politian and Chalcondyles; and in 1491 Oxford had known how earnestly they had studied in the Platonic academy. As Columbus heard from the Pinta the cry, "Land ahead!" Thomas More was coming under their influence as teachers of "the new learning." "Greece had crossed the Alps" when Reuchlin had in his hand the translation of Thucydides; Greece had crossed the Channel when Erasmus had perceived the possibilities of the career of Henry VIII, at the moment when the scholar saw him at nine years of age, at the court of Henry VII.

A long ancestry preceded Archbishop Warham and William Latimer, one of whom was furnishing Erasmus with beer at Oxford, the other of whom was so soon to popularize his influence at Cambridge. Alcuin, at York, learning what to obtain abroad to enrich the libraries of kings and walking in the shade of Egbert, who had ransacked Rome for treasures; John of Bruges, who was a bibliomaniac with the most omnivorous appetite; Thomas Cobham, who had dreamed of a great library at Oxford in 1317; Bishop Carpenter of Exeter, who added books to the relics which slumbered in the charnel-house; William Taunton, who succeeded that *amator librorum;* John Taunton at Glastonbury; Peter of Blois and the thousand unknown booklovers who helped to copy and collate, to steal and buy, the fragments of the literature of the past—all of them spoke in the

dawn of a new day, with a clear voice and rejoicing tones. Everything seemed to conspire for a combination of the energies which had awakened Italy, around the throne which was soon to be occupied by a new king. That combination had been in the making from the moment of Roger Bacon's utterance until the hour when, in the year 1498, the eager Lord Mountjoy brought Erasmus to England.

Smaller by far was the influence of the Renaissance in the land soon to be ruled by Francis I; yet by 1515 the sky of France was full of morning light. The scholastic philosophy which had made theology so aimless and so heavy had felt a penetrating gleam strike its dolorous fog. The University of Paris was aware that a fresh radiance was stealing over the sky. Some of the Greek mercenaries employed by Louis XII had come with the power of the future wrapped up with their memories of the past; and often in the clothes of some exiled child of Athens could be found a copy of a parchment sheet from a manuscript of some one of the classics. Gregory of Tiferno was trying to teach Greek and rhetoric in Paris when Felelfo was commenting on Dante at Milan. Basselin, Villon, and Alan Chartier were poets whose lays were compelled to mingle with humorous quotations from Homer and Plautus, who were brought thither by exiles and wanderers; and the scholars in the church speedily saw, in spite of the darkness of the Sorbonne, that some reconciliation must ultimately be made between letters and belief. Learning was knocking at the door of the Holy Church; and the associates of the new king were soon bound at least to affect Greek art, Roman literature, and the society of printers such as the Estiennes, and scholars such as Louis de Berquin and Lefevre. The air was balmy with the fragrant dawn, though the church and the throne were asleep.

This mighty revolution in the thought of humanity, quickening the mind to larger and stronger action, broadening before it the countless opportunities for the exercises of its energies, holding in front of it a multitude of fascinating invitations to unsuspected achievements, urging it to accept them by numberless thrilling impulses—this veritable dawn broke upon the brain of Europe at the hour when the human soul had become conscious of its slavery to the institution called the Holy Catholic church. Already conscience was revolting against her practices and was in rebellion against her superstitions. Noble as had been the ministry of the church for centuries; great as had been her service as a bridge from the old Roman world to the new world just before man's vision; indispensable as she had been as a power for order and progress in government, education, and religion for ten centuries and more—the hour had at length come when that function was no longer authoritative, since it was evident that she refused to take up the next great duty. She was declining to lead the intellect into the new realms which it was predestined to enter and to conquer. She was looking backward, not forward. She was asserting her authority without having any echo start in the reason and thought of man. She relied on her might as an institution at the hour when man had concluded that institutions are not ends, but means to ends. Democracy was in the air; she was imperial, monarchic, absolute. Human life had grown too large and too powerful to be limited or dominated by the conception which she had of its possibilities.

In 1484 John Laillier, Doctor of the Sorbonne, cried out: "Since the days of Saint Sylvester, Rome is no church of Christ, but a mere state church for extorting money." Ten years later Columbus had read a new declaration of independence to the enterprise of man and inflamed the

imagination of Europe by finding a fresh field for human endeavor and achievement. Three years later still Aldus Manutius the printer had written in his edition of Aristotle: "Those who cultivate letters must be supplied with books necessary for their purpose; and till this supply be obtained I shall not be at rest." "In the name of Jesus Christ," was the legend borne by the flag of each new crusader. One was seeking the resurrection-place of the essential Christ in reform; another, in discovery; another, in popular intelligence. A fresh and omnipotent vision of the real Christ had come; the old was fading away.

Not more cruelly did the church confine the brain and assault the growing intellect than she stupefied and outraged the conscience of men. She was an institution which, by remaining stationary, had become rotten, while her walls were being hung with colors and her floors relaid with a mosaic of gems. The soul had at last become too large for the garment, however elegant, however sacred. It was moth-eaten and decayed; the soul was never so conscious of rapidly growing youth. Anything, however coarse the texture and however poor in historic associations, if only it were both large and clean, would be a grateful substitute for this confining and unclean vesture. As the intellect demanded room for its life and development, the conscience demanded freedom and righteousness.

So simply, so vitally, is the Reformation connected with the Renaissance. While the Greek poets were being quoted in the Florentine academy, Pope Julius II was acknowledging the immorality of the leaders of the church as he said, "If we ourselves are not pious, why should we keep the people from being so?" It was a long train of abuses, fostered by the Holy See and blessed by priestcraft, which lay behind the remark of the pope whose voice we are to hear in the progress of events which this study so partially

describes, Leo X, when he said, "Let us enjoy the papacy, now that God has given it to us." Honest and pure men remembered, at that time, that only a generation had gone since the papal throne had been disgraced by the presence of four such men as Pietro Barba, Francesco delle Rovere, Giambattista Cibo, and Roderigo Borgia. The lower clergy, also, had for many years presented a sorry spectacle. There had been noble men in the papal chair; so also were there many men pure and true in the monasteries. But the majority were too constant in practices of evil to make of the piety and purity of the slight minority aught but such exceptions as proved the rule.

The intelligence and conscience of Europe began to behold the offense against civil government in a condition of affairs which allowed criminals to resort to the monastic life that they might escape the just punishment which otherwise would descend upon their wickedness. The law was powerless; the church held the reins of authority over the state as surely as when Gregory VII compelled Henry IV to tread with bare feet the snowy summit of Canossa and bend the fortunes of empire to his tyrannical arrogance.

As the conscience of the times awakened out of sleep, it became roused to indignant protest. The man who felt a new dawn over the intellect, as he read Petrarch's praise of classic bards, turned another page and read his sonnet on the papal court at Avignon:

> Fountain of woe! harbour of endless ire!
> Thou school of errors, haunt of heresies!
> Once Rome, now Babylon, the world's disease,
> That maddenest men with fears and fell desire!
> O forge of fraud! O prison dark and dire,
> Where dies the good, where evil breeds increase!
> Thou living Hell! Wonders will never cease,

If Christ rise not to purge thy sins with fire.
Founded in chaste and humble poverty,
Against thy founders thou dost raise thy horn,
Thou shameless harlot! And whence flows this pride?
Even from foul and loathed adultery,
The wage of lewdness. Constantine, return!
Not so, the felon world its fate must bide.

[Symonds translation]

He saw how inevitably Romish ambition and greed had brought the Holy Church to such a condition. Men had already demanded reform. Nearly a century before, the papal legate at Basle, Cardinal Julian Cesarini, had advocated a reform to prevent a rebellion of the laity and the extinction of the clerical functions. As such utterances were called to mind, the names of the earlier reformers shone with startling brilliance. Splendid, indeed, now began to seem the figure of Peter Waldo at Lyons and those of his successors, who in the valleys of Piedmont and Dauphiny had suffered for their hope as they had stood up against the corruption and tyranny of Rome. Bright became the face of Peter de Bruys, as from the flames of 1130 his eyes quivered with the sublime expectancy that the abuses in the church would be mitigated. Heroic in stature began to tower upward the form of John Wycliffe, as the mind of Europe woke to behold the church of his time usurping the rights of the crown, impoverishing England to furnish luxuries for Rome, while two popes were pronouncing anathemas each upon the other, and bishops, like Spener, were engaged in wholesale homicide for their sakes. As the disgraceful character of many of the popes, bishops, abbots, and priests became known, the thoughtful layman looked more favorably on John Hus and Jerome of Prague, who had denied their authority, rejecting the value set upon their excommunications and treating the offered indulgences

as abominations; and they looked less favorably upon those who lit fires for their martyrdom. John Tauler and Gerard Groote—one giving to the soul the privilege and results of pious meditations, the other constituting the Order of the Brothers of a Common Life—took other places than those assigned to them by crafty priests, when the people felt what the truth which the one spoke and the education which the other began must do for a benighted and corrupt church. Thomas à Kempis was read by hundreds who had done with hollow forms and debauched bishops, and who sought instead the power of God. John of Wesel became a pillar of fire by night as the laity began to look backward, and to behold how dark it was, when he truly called the indulgences "errors and lies." Darker still, however, had it continued to be. Faithful men now listened to the Bishop of Worms as he said: "Concubinage, from the commencement of the fifteenth century, is publicly and formally practiced by the clergy, and their mistresses are as expensively dressed and as respectfully treated as if their connection were not sinful and indecent, but honorable and praiseworthy." Voices which had been hushed in death by wicked popes and ambitious councils rang out in their unforgotten words with an eloquence which had at last touched every sincere heart.

Literature had a rich field in the facts and fancies associating themselves with an unreformed church. Walter Mapes made such rare sport out of the papal throne and the monk's cowl, and he did it in such excellent rhyme, that it is impossible to read either the history of the church or the history of wit and omit his "Golias." "The Vision of Piers Plowman" and the verses of Geoffrey Chaucer are poems quite as full of genuine agitation on the topic of the corruption and crimes of the church as was later a speech of Daniel O'Connell concerning the state of Ireland. With

fearless sarcasm, heartiest good-humor, and often with noblest indignation did the poets and teachers of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries paint an institution, haughty, selfish, gross, and wicked, filled with a clergy, ignorant, vile, tyrannical, and cruel. Leo X might hasten to forbid the "Epistolae Obscurorum Virorum" to be read; but before his hour had come, Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, and Poggio had furnished, through the help of the printing-press newly invented, hundreds of volumes in which the Church, as she then existed, was proven to be incapable and unworthy; and many of these were prophets of that day, soon to come, which William Tyndale was to see. "If God will spare my life," said he to a learned ecclesiastic, "I will cause a boy that driveth the plough shall know more of Scripture than thou dost."

These books of unsparing wit and liveliest humor would not have been read at all had there not been a keen sense of the audacious offensiveness of ecclesiastical power. It was impossible for the hierarchy to keep such of her own ranks as the bishops of Augsburg, Breslau, and Meissen from telling the truth concerning the real condition of religious life to the growing host who had no longer faith in the ideals of the church. The air was so charged with the forces of reformation that the songs of the shoemaker Hans Sachs echoed upon the morning with the commanding music of a trumpet calling into battle. Germany was as weary of extracting coins from the labor of her people, to make rich and luxurious the career of church officials at Rome, as England was of beholding what a door was opened to papal arrogance when the stupid Henry III admitted the claims of Rome. France, however, had not been disgusted at the licentious pomp of the papal court at Avignon, between 1342 and 1352, as was even the easy Italian conscience in the presence of such a state

of affairs in the church as would justify Dante when he said:

> Modern shepherds need
> Those who on either hand prop and lead them,
> So burly are they grown; and from behind
> Others to hoist them. Down palfrey's sides
> Spread their broad mantles, so as both the beasts
> Are covered with one skin. O patience! thou
> That look'st on this, and dost endure so long.

Italy could not forget the associated absolutism of clergy and Guelphs in stimulating civil war. A Pope Urban IV stealing a crown to place it on the head of a Charles of Anjou was not a figure calculated to inspire religious emotion. Boniface VIII, who outrivaled Hildebrand in his tyrannical assumption of control over civil government, stood by the side of the infamous Innocent IV, who, when he heard of the death of Frederick of Sicily, wrote to his sinful clergy: "Let the heavens rejoice, and the earth be glad; for the storm that was hovering over your heads has been averted by the death of this man and is changed into refreshing breezes and nourishing dews." Gregory X had, two hundred years before, tried to repress what he called "those extravagant swarms of holy beggars," only to leave certain others of the religious orders masters of the field. But so deep was the necessity for reform, and so impossible was it for them to reform the orders and the institution, that the mendicants either uttered protests against the sins and selfishness of the popes or corruptly bargained at confessions and led in the carnival of licentiousness. When men were most bewildered and were most strongly commanded, on pain of eternal hell, to obey the infallible head of the church, the mind of Europe was compelled to behold a two-headed papacy, in the persons of an Urban and a Clement, each during life asserting in the loftiest fashion that the other was fraudulent, and after death, for forty years,

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perpetuating through their adherents this ludicrous monstrosity, until, with Alexander V, three popes vied with one another in confounding and debauching Christendom.

A sort of relief came when this abominable controversy was succeeded by the elevation and deposition of one who was only approached in wickedness by Gregory XII and Benedict XIII—John XXIII by name, who was greedy, untruthful, lascivious, and murderous to a degree which did enable him to conduct a wholesale massacre. Even cardinals were compelled to be awkwardly fastidious about what they would drink at the tables of the pious dignitaries and exalted ecclesiastics, lest the draught should prove to be poison instead of wine. Pope and anti-pope, as Felix V and Nicholas V, arranged their troubles, each entirely careless of the rights of the laity. A Clement V or a John XXII could add to sensual rapacity a record of so following the meek and lowly Lord as to leave eighteen thousand gold florins and nearly seven thousand more in jewels and silver; and salvation from sin, or rather deliverance from hell, was to be obtained only through certain formularies of which they were the masters, or certain inventions of which they were sole proprietors.

Two shameless women, Theodora and Marozia, had so often and so easily set up and pulled down their relatives or licentious allies in sin that there grew up what perhaps is only a tradition—that the notorious sinner Joan once guarded and debauched the Holy See. The papal right and dignity had been bought and sold by adulterers and murderers; it had been possessed by Benedict IX, who was old in iniquity and yet pope at twelve years of age; it had been rescued by Gregory VII, who made it usurp the rights of empire.

At the remembrance of these things, the thought of printing the Bible for all men to read, in which it was taught

by St. Peter himself that all Christians are priests of the living God, seemed to the papacy and to the clergy like inviting a revolution. Of course, the theory of priestcraft was that the Bible must be read and explained only by a clerical force sworn to annihilate such results as this ideal would produce in the minds of men, moved as they now were, and liberated as they were sure to be, by the Renaissance. That men dared to dream of salvation, except through the long and mechanical devices of the priesthood, organized and ruled by popes, was enough to close every Bible and start the fires of inquisitions.

It had to be considered heresy worthy of death to deny the absolute necessity of penance; else how could the church have enforced her flagellations, confessions, hair shirts, grievous pilgrimages, painful scourges, exhaustive fasts, which, by the plan of granting pardons and selling indulgences to those who could buy or be threatened, brought gigantic revenues and sweet satisfaction to the coffers and ambition of the pope?

One of the Clements had invented the most profitable method of emptying the pockets of sinners and filling the treasuries of luxurious tyrants which the world ever knew—the granting of indulgences. This was the manner of his thinking: "Christ had not only died for men, but he had done more: by his abundant sufferings he and his saints had filled a repository, of which the church had complete control on earth—a treasury of accessible merit. This merit could be doled out for a consideration." This, which was insisted upon as a fact, lay at the bottom of the sale of indulgences. Purgatorial fires stood ahead for those who had paid insufficiently, who yet had paid all they could afford to pay here. At last, while the peddler of indulgences was plying his trade in the country, a quarter of a million of human beings in thirty days carried to Rome their coins

and their sins, dragging their souls beneath this hideous slavery.

But the end was near; for the Renaissance had quickened the human brain, and the heart was in revolt against this shameless cruelty which had nothing but swords and flame for those who dared to protest. The conscience thundered and lightened above the abominable spectacle. The atmospheric event which should rend many a human breast and overset many a tradition, belief, and throne had broken upon Europe, never to be silent until a better day had come. The human center of that tempest, catastrophic to all assumption of authority and cleansing as a thunderstorm for the essential prerogatives of the soul of man, was the miner's son, the monk of Erfurt, Martin Luther.

LECTURE II

LUTHER AND THE REFORMATION

The chief desideratum in the flux of events is a crystallizing soul. The real question, at any such crisis as has been thus far sketched in our study, is what human personal character may embody, train, make efficient, and release for victory such impersonal albeit imperial forces. Here then, pausing, as students of the ways of God and man, we must anxiously inquire: Shall all these forces be baffled of their full expression as they surge toward a conduit so fine but so inadequate as the great Erasmus? Such an untoward conclusion of ideas and factors did not, even then, appear a logical sequence of the providence of God or the thoughts of serious men. The world was soon to find out that this man's interest was in ideas and in scholarship, rather than in purposes and deeds. In the sole matter of receptive, organizing, and expressive human personality, Erasmus was not equal to the world's spiritual emergency. He traveled from one land to another without the prophetic and evangelic burden—at least with no urgent ethical responsibility as to his own ideas and their effects. In his pockets were pages, closely written, crowded with such satire on monks as would make the world laugh and grow furious for at least three centuries. But the scholar and humanist from Rotterdam missed the deeper meanings of the truly scholarly and entirely human life. If one, finding Erasmus musing amid a collection of manuscripts, had said to him: "Virgil could never have written the Fourth Eclogue

without having read Isaiah, and Dante is like enough to that Hebrew iconoclast; it is told by one who knows the painter that when somebody upbraided Michael Angelo the other day for sketching Julius, the Holy Father, in hell on the ceiling of his own chapel, and making a glad saint of the burned Savonarola in the same picture, Angelo replied that Dante had done as ill by putting a pope in hell in his poetry"; and if one added reflectively: "The change which Dante prophesies may be almost as great as that which Virgil saw coming"—"Scarcely," Erasmus would have blandly replied; "one was the dawn of a new faith; this will be only a peaceful transformation of opinions about the old one."

And such an Erasmian reply, as it proved, was of that essential difference of personality and temper which, in practical issues, separated Erasmus from Luther. One saw the morning through his brain, and found his intellectual powers, like those of a Hamlet, extracting the energy from his will; the other saw it through his conscience, and was at once a heroic soldier of reform waiting for a captain. The age and Luther were both to speak in words which are called half-battles. The erudite visitor from Holland was, at the time which we are considering, at work on the critical edition of the Greek Testament which was to appear in 1516. No more critical edition of the greatest of books, or collection of books, as is the Bible, could confront, even with the help of caustic wit and lambent humor intended to loosen the walls of ignorant ecclesiasticism which shivered before a smile, the colossal integument of the Holy Catholic church. Still less might his unintended influence for Bibliolatry make it take the place of the Ecclesiolatry so vigorous in old age and rampant at the beginning of the sixteenth century. A vast human being alone could command the situation. That crisis would indeed enlist Melanchthon, Farell, and Calvin with John Knox: its psychological

command would name Martin Luther alone as their indispensable mental and moral general-in-chief and field marshal.

Let us consider with more exclusion than is in the habit and manner of Luther's students one of the tasks especially difficult for him and yet to be accomplished by no other sort of man. He was a man of men—a child of the common people, the miner's son. He was the prophet and priest of a true democracy. The contest between this and an autocratic institution conserved by every glory and persuasion of ecclesiastical art came into inartistic hands. He had only the material of one art—that of song—and this democratized not by anything but his essentially harmonious and colossal humanity. This, however, indicated his efficiency and sufficiency.

It was the beginning of a new era of taste and progress under the spell of energized imagination. The Holy Catholic church had awakened with the necessity for a fresh appeal to the new career of the consciously young human spirit. She had her old resources and believed herself indomitable in the presence of this puissant youth. Let us then reflect that the European mind, at the moment, was yet of the mold, and created long since by those forces which at once rendered a man of taste, ambition, and religiousness easy of approach and certain of being profoundly influenced by that attractive power wielded by the Holy Catholic church. If today, often upon highly cultivated and oppositely educated men, the Roman Catholic church, shorn of the splendid and arrogant prerogatives freely conceded to her at the opening of the sixteenth century, crippled by the victorious march of learning over her innumerable assumptions, out of harmony with the vast powers which drive and guide the gathered significance of modern life, antagonistic to the distinctive

intellectual and social influences which make even the Europe of today more desirable than the Europe of that bloody and ignorant yesterday; many of her miracles abolished by science, more of her saints impaled upon the sharp results of historical research and still more of the heretics whom she murdered exalted by every dictate of learning and manhood; —if, today, upon these minds she exerts a fascination so brilliant and so resistless as to attract such as Newman, and others later, to worship with glad pride at her shrines, what must have been the potency of her charm upon the youth of a new Europe, at such a lofty and desperate moment in the history of that gorgeous institution?

Let us study a youthful mind coming from some protesting country-side, reverent and yet ardent for a great career. The church welcomed him. Her right to rule him was voiced through every eloquent art and uttered by every commanding tongue. Kings and queens with their diadems and thrones were to be missionaries unto his desire for place and power. Cardinals and popes with blazing apparel and fiery tiaras, amid dazzling gems, seductive enthusiasts in plume and helmet, crowned rulers in imperial palaces, world-famed scholars in halls of learning, were everywhere to vie with renowned saints in pathetic poverty for the establishment of the Virgin's shrine in the heart of any youth—for example, in the heart of an exiled and orphaned Waldensian or Lollard who had disputed churchly ideals for the saving of his ideal of mental liberty. For a great stake—the precious young soul—the Roman hierarchy, at the moment of most visibly superb rule, with all the pageantry it might assume, with all the holiness to which it must pretend, in the immediate presence of the princes most promising to its haughty ambitions, was to utter its curses, pronounce its benedictions, intone its messages of life and death, and exhibit its sublime ceremonial without a solitary

whisper to dissolve the stupendous illusion, if he dared to think alone. Reflect upon the youthful manhood of that period, torn with contending ideals of the progress of the human race, but more tortured with the fate of one's own soul. True, the Renaissance had given him a new imagination. In such desperate hours imagination not only dreams her fairest dreams, but, often weary of dreaming, it is the disturbed imagination alone which seeks for the largest ministry of noble symbols. The imagination is the final fortress to be held or to be lost in an artistic renaissance. The Holy Church was an experienced mistress in dominating the imagination.

The Holy Catholic church held at that hour the loftiest achievements of imagination in her jeweled hand. That institution alone, especially at that moment, called upon every energy of the newly thrilled mind. If a youth believed her legends, his imagination used its wildest freedom. If he accepted her solemn and consecrated story, his imagination was unleashed. If he accepted her solemn and consecrated story, his imagination must dominate his reason. If he allied his hope with her promised destiny, his imagination had pre-empted the realm of the entire future. There was much superstition, no doubt, but is not superstition a cocoon for imagination? Whenever there is a Luther throwing his inkpot at the Devil, we are not in a time where we may underestimate the vividness of the churchly imaginativeness offering leadership to the young spirit. From the lowest hell peopled with blackest devils, to the highest heaven crowded with angels and resonant with saintly songs; from the farthest past with its abundant legends, to the remotest future with its final triumph for the church, it offered an approachable and unimpeded march for this faculty divine.

Consider the personal experience of any youth, as the church fastened its hold upon his spiritual nature. With

the very beginnings of the Catholic worship the imagination was called to the heroic task of sympathy with pictures of sin and of salvation which made the world alive with presences. In the waters of baptism, imagination was asked to insert the power of regeneration. In the Holy Eucharist, the imagination must detect renewing grace; and, despite the lapse of centuries, it was expected to taste the very blood and flesh of Incarnate God. In the sacrament of penance, the imagination must see sins forgiven. When some human being by his side entered holy orders, a young devotee's imagination must discern the replenishing of a soul by omnipotence itself; and when death came, the imagination was expected to observe in the Extreme Unction, on this side the grave, the consummation of this gracious process; and, beyond the grave, it was to send its prayers to that imagined world amid whose lights and shadows the lost friends wander, above them all the Mother of God beseeching her Son to save. No institution or power of earth ever so honored and so bewitched the imagination as has the Holy Catholic church.

Picture a youth of importance, even if inclined to heresy, as with king and knight he entered a cathedral. His imagination met in passionate admiration the loftier and trained imagination of illustrious architects. In their souls, under the inspiration or command of the church, sprang the innumerable arches, the stately columns, the solemn vaults which half revealed and half concealed infinity. Human hope had arisen and become embodied in the vast and beautiful edifice. Human aspiration had shot upward, with a wild sublimity which fascinated the youth, in spires lost in the heavens. Far on the summits of the swelling domes, which, amid the purpling clouds and azure distances, rivaled the solid grandeur of the blue hills as they lifted themselves above the roar of human passions, troubles,

cares, and sorrows, stood clear the all-victorious cross, solitary in unvexed brilliance and glowing with triumphant fire.

Every sacred place was either glorious with rags and relics, which latter were the emblems of heroic poverty, or splendid with the testimonies of genius and gorgeous with the tributes of power. The finest genius of earth had studded the long lines of vast interiors. Alabaster and gold had yielded themselves to the artistic energy which worshiped as it toiled. Peasant and prince had piled upon the dazzling altars their devotions and their rubies. Stately processions, with gleaming armor and in gayest color, walked solemnly beneath the lofty arches. Barefooted bishops carried blazing crucifixes, and undefeated soldiers bore the white mantle of the Virgin under the gigantic cupolas. Nave and transept met in fondest intersection above the uncovered heads of weeping kings and angry popes. Carrara marbles, touched and molded by the most exquisite artistry, bas-reliefs, and symbolic sculptures surrounded pulpits resting on carven apostles and martyrs, and within their holy precincts stood the vicars of omnipotent Jehovah.

Without and around this magnificence, inclosing it like an impregnable fortress, huge walls created of blocks from the everlasting hills rose grandly by the side of the pauper's grave and the king's castle. Adorning façades whose bold and beautiful outlines testified to the pride and piety of ages; decorated gables and pinnacles out of whose recesses looked benignantly saints and prophets; finials and canopies under whose pointed arches faith had placed her symbols; shafts, capitals, and cornices which rehearsed the sacred history and ardent prophecies of seer and psalmist—the whole noble mass of all these seemed never so much "frozen music" as when the thunders of melody were rolling through

its capacious aisles and echoed from arch to arch in the groined and fretted roof, while between the noisy world without and the untroubled world within, through countless windows, the sun poured his richest splendors, flooding the jeweled miter and the peasants' rags with myriad glories which surged like silent waves amid clouds of incense against the Virgin's shrine.

Consider what probably was the position and condition of the youthful mind upon which never before had operated the vision of such triumphs of imagination, especially if he were a youth of a heretical family whose best memory held the picture of a little nook in the midst of the mountains, where his father gathered together the ignorant but honest herdsmen and their families, and sometimes preached to them in simple words, where poverty was not so poor as to be ragged and monkish, and where religion was so barren of ceremonial as now to seem mean and insignificant. The aesthetic and emotional problem was not German or European, but human, if indeed a German monk was to attempt to solve it.

Fancy our heretical youth having gotten to Paris and, at length, to be studying the southern and western fronts of Notre Dame. Here he would observe the streams of time which had borne down upon their current the ideals, hopes, and tendencies which were embodied in that architecture, and the spiritual wreckage inclosed within those walls.

"See," his scholarly instinct would say, "see how truly such a cathedral is the only honest historian. There are energies here which are come from great times and from many lands toiling in devoted workmen. The past is embodied here, in the various styles of architecture. There is the Roman; but it took a hundred currents from far out at sea to make such a wave. Every surge of the waters

in the sea of thought or feeling has modified it. Above the Roman, the tale is told of another more aspiring and more worshiping era in the life of men. Away yonder, near the top of the picture, the struggling harmonies of the Parthenon and the Forum are visible. Yes, I see and am humble."

Greece and Rome, and the France which reached backward to both these nations, towered before him toward heaven. Various and widely separated centuries had told the story of their deepest life in that vast fane. The men who made them did not mean to write history, and so they did not lie. The true story of man's life lies in his temples, not in the parchment records about battles and sovereigns, not in the mouths of priests, but in the way they have piled stones upon one another.

If it chanced to be the hour when the long and elaborate services incident to the visit of the Bishop of Paris were at their highest point of magnificence, he would sit where he beheld pictures and heard harmonies; and as he listened and saw, he wished he could have known of these and that all doubters had heard what majestic powers were there. As the cardinal, borne upon the shoulders of four lords, arrived with the long procession of knights and pious auditors, he would remember indistinctly but forcefully some unadorned presence, or that of the heretical "guide" as he talked without authority about holy things to the mountaineers at the countryside. How poor and worn it all seemed now, as the brilliant robe of the cardinal shook to folds of flame in a new light!

As he had looked about the proud cathedral for an hour before entering, he gained an impression of its imposing significance. He had heard that it stood on the spot to which once-conquering Romans had been gathered in a pagan shrine. Within those walls Heraclius had sounded the trumpet-call of a crusade more than three centuries

before. That nave had been lifted skyward in the reign of Philip Augustus. From the hand of the founder of the porch which he had just left, yea, and in this very temple, St. Louis had taken his staff and scarf. Every building in surrounding spaces seemed to bow in reverence before this consecrated pile. The Hotel of God and the Palace of Justice existed, like the Church of St. Stephen the Martyr, only to be razed to the ground whenever the larger effect of the great edifice might demand it.

The arches crowded with the statues of kings, the figures of the ancestors of the Holy Virgin, the vast windows filled with scenic grandeur, were forgotten, as, in solemn procession, came pouring in the vicars and canons, choristers and officers, and the one hundred and twenty chaplains of the spiritual lord of Paris. And just then the whole cathedral trembled with the mighty harmonies which a master-hand found in the great organ. As he had listened to the love-songs and pious hymns which some unreligious king had written, and which probably he would often sing accompanied with the lute, he had often thought more favorably of the crusading hymns and simple sacred lays which had come to the ears of his childhood. But now his soul was ravished with chants, rendered amid other gorgeous ceremonies by a cohort of musicianly choristers. Masses of the Gregorian order he had just heard, rivaling the secular songs which commemorated battlefields and had reorganized armies. The choir which sang them was one of the richest gifts which passed from Louis XII to Francis I. In 1515 Milan heard its tones, while Leo X was in tears. Melodies low and sweet, psalms echoing with the thunder of war or the throb of a shepherd's heart, Te Deums which wove their fine harmonies of the most opulent tones, Glorias which breathed of heaven, must have swept the beleaguered youth into an ecstasy of devotion. The masters, Ambrose,

Gregory, Fortunatus, St. Hilary, and Robert II of France, Peter Damian, St. Bernard, and Thomas à Kempis, had each of them allied the tenderest words or the sweetest chords with the genius of the masterful chorister Guillaume Guianud and the king's chapel-master, Claude de Sermisy, to uplift and lead the worship. Never before had the soul of any youth been so moved by the might of consecrated sounds. Whispers of angels seemed to linger and float upon the thunderous waves of harmony as the great building quivered in their movement. It was, he thought, impossible that his protesting ancestors ever could have heard such rich melodies. The Holy Church alone was able to wed such chords and possess such pledges of heaven.

If the art from the Renaissance had done anything for him, it had also given him a new eye for the beautiful. And so these harmonies now vied with those which had been caught by artists of equal power and fastened in the great windows of this august fane. His eye became an avenue through which the church drove its arguments of heavenly beauty and superb dominion; and even then he reflected that he was the beholder of but one moment's splendor in one building, and this among many throughout all Europe, whose windows had told, in many-colored poetry and eloquence, the story of the church. Age after age this eloquence had gathered in opulent strength and increasing beauty. Holy pensiveness had for centuries dwelt under prismatic and harmonious glory. Every variety of tint, every excellence of position, every inspiring or pathetic scene in the life of lawgiver, saint, psalmist, prophet, martyr, Virgin, or Christ, had been put under tribute to furnish with completeness this sacred pageantry. Distinguished artists had labored with the molten sand; illustrious minds had shaped the fragile products; patient enthusiasts had selected the pigments; great painters had arranged the

brittle pieces with an ingenious industry; eminent architects had set the brilliant combinations in their places, until the choir, apse, altar, and mosaic floor on which Europe worshiped appeared a consecrated dream of transcendent radiance. "Luther! Luther the little German monk?" he would say. Whether he would or no, such a man as Luther had to stand against this all.

Not less impressive, however, to a youth of this nature was the impression which the church, ancient and catholic, made upon such as was he, as he was led by so amiable an instructor into the study of history.

Since that hour which we have pictured, the unreformed Catholic church has added so many dark and bloody pages to the story of humanity, and history has been written with such honest freedom, that we may scarcely appreciate the impression made upon the mind of a European youth, half doubtful but sincere as to facts about the church, as he saw this ever-young and growing institution stretch the list of her triumphs from the hour when, having fought with infuriated beasts, she rose out of the dust of the Roman amphitheater, to the hour when some grandfather and others of his heretical family fell under the hands of Innocent VIII. But, as he read of the revolutions which had crushed empires and overset thrones, he saw the papal chair steady through them all. He felt the inextinguishable youth of the church amid the sneers of her foes. As Chaucer in England had smiled at the church, the Cathedral of Milan had begun to rise starward. While Poggio laughed and amused the south of Europe, she was burning Lollards, sending La Salle into the wilds of America, and commanding artists like Fra Angelico to decorate her temples. Something resistless and grand lay in the charm of these gathered centuries upon her brow. She had stood personified in the person of Gregory IX in that hour when the University of Cambridge

was founded and the Cathedral of Cologne was yet in the mind of Conrad. Years before, when England was rejoicing over Magna Charta, she was eloquent in St. Francis or pious in the person of Elizabeth of Hungary.

Luther? Did Worms Cathedral begin to attract the footsteps of our solitary and rebellious monk? The answer of the church to him was that she was there when, five hundred years before, its foundations were laid. She had crowned Charlemagne; she had conquered Mohammed at Tours; she had entered England with St. Austin; she had seen Romans come back from Britain; she had beheld Attila defeated and Aurelius die; she had bled under Vespasian; she had walked into Nero's prisons unafraid; she had looked out, even from them, backward into the eternal past, feeling fondly and even rapturously her relationship to the purpose of God while Rome staggered "drunken with the blood of the saints and drunken with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus."

As he thought of strifes and factions, pillaged towns and burned cities, mobs and armies, crusades and dismembered kingdoms, he remembered some Ambrose unquailing in the presence of a Theodosius, Flavius successfully begging for Antioch, or Hildebrand holding barefooted Henry IV at his command upon the ice of Canossa. From the moment when Felix trembled, unto that in which our European youth beheld Louise of Savoy exercised as to the opinions of the Pope, the Holy Church had preserved this august, imperative, and haughty dominion. She therefore appeared as the one historic fact, changeless and unchangeable. Human passion had builded fires at her feet which she had quenched. Royal licentiousness had brought flagrant sins in her sight, and the sinner she had excommunicated. Rich barons had oppressed her poor until she had punished their rapacity. Goth and Hun and Vandal had sought to

destroy every glory of old Rome while she had hid the powers of learning and of art in her monasteries and erected a new and spiritual Rome upon the ruin.

She had used all sorts of men—Peter the Hermit and Polycarp, Barnard and Augustine, Alcuin and St. Anthony. Her line encircled the history of human nature and her command lay upon every heart.

Suppose him a Waldensian youth, or any other sort of doubter of the claims of the Holy Church, before Luther spoke his words which were half-battles. As he dreamed of his heretical protesters amid the hills, he was perplexed that such a trifling and infantile movement as that of the Waldensians should have ever measured its babyhood with the long motherhood of the holy church.

"Could my father have read a page of history?" he must have said. "Is it possible that he knew of the councils which are beacons and the fathers which were flames of fire, their history stretching from the very opening into the catacombs to the day of the Pragmatic Sanction?" Heretical Europe was not unlearned as to the gigantic past. Under its spell many an honest heretic must now and then have reeled backward and said: "How may any man have satisfied himself with the child's play of our newborn heresy?"

So mightily did the awe-inspiring past, huge, sanctimonious, and inexplicable, fill the eye. European manhood had not come to that intellectual manliness which perceives how often ivy-like fancies of ignorance conceal the rough walls within which dwell horrible tyrannies; nor had the mind of Europe learned how that ancient institution threw the shadow of its imagined sacredness upon something far more venerable, far more sacred—the soul of man. Reason often seems late in coming to the rescue of true faith.

But the appeal of the church was more personal. Every such superficial notion of what constitutes salvation as

would belong to the fettered and adolescent mind, without a man's view of his experiences with sin, was satisfied and is still satisfied with the priest and the absolution. Luther's reform meant a manful religion; but then, when men were kept in their childhood, the old cradle-questions were answered by the church before they were propounded. Had not God's authority been deposited with his confessor? If full satisfaction had not been made, surely the experiences of purgatory would make heaven certain. In obeying the visible hierarchy the moral and intellectual adolescent saw the power which saved. It taxed not any powers of his soul to look beyond—powers which are later in maturing. Those conceptions of sainthood which accompany spiritual youth—the lonely ascetic living his negative, self-conscious, unaggressive life; the meditative pietist, introspective and calm, fleeing from the world in quick retreat from the battle of life, with its hopes and its despair, its fascinating ambitions and its ennobling problems—these were satisfied in contemplating and rehearsing the roll of martyrs, confessors, and heroes of the Holy Church.

Our young doubter, who now had been impressed with the lubricated mechanical organization of the church, remembered the struggling in his father's prayers at the fireside, and the fervor with which he fought out the battle of life in the world, and he thought: "Oh, if he had known of some monastery into which the world has not come, or of some priest whose assertion of pardon was and is ratified before the throne of heaven, then my father could have been the saint he wished to be."

A present, living, growing teacher, with plenitude of power to condemn or to forgive—a teacher who gave no invitation or command to men to do unpleasant, toilsome, bewildering reasoning—must have so quieted his mind, and so reigned above the rising tumult of debate in his soul, that

for a false peace he gave over to the church in fee simple his entire spirit.

Fancy again that this youth was a motherless doubter. "Oh, if my mother"—let him say it, as he thought of one conversation which he dimly remembered to have heard long ago—a conversation in which she sadly looked back to the old church, and cried for the Eucharist—"oh, if my mother had lived, it may be that she who died for the new heresy had died in peace in the bosom of the church!"

Sufficient truth the church had always held to make her better than the world from whose tyranny men desire to escape. With ease she came to the soul of a penitent or to the heart of a struggling saint and advocated an ever-present grace. She, however, commanded peace where there was no peace. She roused the spirit to desire the ministries of her peculiar power; she placed a swift forgiveness upon vices and made sacred the spiritual conceit which is its consequence and developed a large emotional life. The church of the sixteenth century dazzled the imagination and developed while it fed the emotions of men, women, and children.

Especially did her music breathe those sounds which rolled through the chambers of the heart in deep diapason. Every chord which uttered tenderness, every note which touched the sensibilities, every instrument which swept the feelings, every combination which deepened sorrow for sin, quickened a love of goodness, filled eye with tears of gratitude or of remorse, was employed with unsurpassed art and incredible constancy. The windows chronicled those scenes in which the boy Joseph had been sold, the child Samuel was called of God, the persecutor Saul was beholding the Christ, the Holy Savior was agonizing in death, the saintly Stephen was being stoned, or the Mother of God was enthroned on high.

The altar itself was one rich, vast, constant appeal to the feelings—agitating them by its pictures, rousing them by its services, blessing them by its awful significance. There quivered the sacred heart; there bled the riven side of the Redeemer; there the Son of God died in inconceivable pain. A single week in the life of a worshiper was sufficient to create an era in the history of a soul's emotional life. A Calvary—a dark, hideous, consecrated Calvary—approached painfully by slow progress in prayer, and with meditation upon the one saddest scene in human story; seven stations, each more awful in suggestions of grief, leading at last to a realistic reproduction in the mind of the most affecting of all deaths—this alone opened the floodgates of the soul.

Not even the worship was the strongest power to engage such a youth's feelings. Death perhaps had come upon his life; and he often had wondered if life might not have been less tragic if his mother had been spared to him. He knew that there had been moments when her intense zeal for the cause of the Waldensians flagged a little; and once he buried his face in her lap when she told him not to hate the statue of the Virgin. He could yet feel her hand upon his head.

To this youth the Holy Church came with the realm beyond the grave, peopled and very human in its ways. Angels walked with the lost and loved. Prayers which issued out of his affection or his faith as a witness to solitude and to suffering reached, as he was led to believe, beyond the grave and filled the lives of the dead with benediction.

Soon, very soon, the height of his emotional life bore a form—the form which he adored. We have thought of him as a motherless boy. In immaculate splendor, clad in sinless beauty, his guardian, his friend, Mary, the Virgin Mother of God, was enthroned in silence and without ceremony in the heart of the orphan. He could not help thinking that

his own mother looked like the vision which he beheld when he took the sacrament.

Now such was only something of the weight of incrusted gold, forming itself inevitably into a clasp which kept the Bible shut, and for no other purpose than to give fullest and freest opportunity for the Church and its priesthood to rule the human soul and to grow mightier in its dominance.

Against all this Luther did not always storm and cavil. He only opened the Bible to the peoples of an enthralled world and set up the right of private judgment. Luther's personality incarnated the awakened vitality of the human mind as against this superb and beguiling form of institutionalism. He turned every tendency of the human soul toward freedom and the higher responsibilities of the new intelligence into a resistless and reforming force.

The book which Henry VIII probably received from the hands of Cardinal Wolsey to hurl at the head of the German monk would never have been invited forth by the calm and skilful scholarship or wit of Erasmus. To pierce the stern shadow of such a powerful institution, only a Luther of heat as the producer of light was adequate. The Dutch scholar, Erasmus, was to prove as much the victim of events, some of which he had nourished into their potency, as was Cardinal Wolsey himself. To an Italian like Ammonius, the Pope's collector in England and Latin secretary to Henry VIII, it seemed remarkable that two such powerful spirits should, as often as they met, appear as eagerly to avoid a friendship. To each of these, however, for whom he labored in vain, it was evident that such an affection as he proposed was impossible. Wolsey was pre-eminently a man of affairs; Erasmus was a scholar. Wolsey considered Oxford as a means to an end; Erasmus looked upon every Cambridge as an end in itself. Wolsey, born of the democ-

racy, was sure to become an aristocrat, even an autocrat. Erasmus, born an aristocrat in ability and trained to be almost an autocrat in the walks of learning, had already broken in upon the exclusion of arrogant and learned pretense with desolating power. The Renaissance with Erasmus was, at first, a quiver of lightnings with which he had dared to play in the vicinity of masses of inflammable material which had been gathered together in the course of long centuries in the history of State and Church. At the first instant of their appearance Wolsey had seen that each bolt was as full of fire as of light. He was willing to use both the light and the fire—the one to illuminate a path to the highest position; the other to burn away, if necessary, every obstacle in that path. Neither he, nor the foreigner who had come into Henry's realm with so much of revolution in his words, had comprehended the moral aspects which so soon portray themselves in every intellectual movement. The Chancellor was to hold back, if possible, the causes of a moral revolution; the Scholar was to control, if possible, the effects sure to proceed from those causes. One was to die at last with the shadow of the throne upon his soul; the other was to die with the gigantic upheaval which he had helped to initiate hurling his repressive conservatism into the air.

At all events, and while others were hesitant and bewildered, the men of light and leading in Europe soon saw that the Reformation had come, and it was not to be Erasmian, but Lutheran. Germany was roused on the sale of indulgences, but a world had been touched with irresistible morning. The whole-hearted impulsiveness and abounding humanity of Luther were as potent and valuable in breaking through boundaries and pushing toward the future which Wycliffe had foreseen as were his scholarship and love of Jesus Christ. He was careful and careless

as to fracturing the accepted limits of the human mind and conscience as was Columbus as to passing "Ultima Thule" and the Pillars of Hercules. In the flame of his ardor the church Fathers appeared at once greater and smaller than before. They were greater than Luther's ecclesiastical contemporaries, because they had stood in nearer sympathy with the unencumbered words of the Bible; they were smaller than the apostles and prophets, because even they had not dared to risk the fresh and revolutionary truth.

Luther was burly and gigantic in the assertion of a humanness which alone could go far enough, and with sufficient weight, to make lesser men echo the cry, "The open Bible—a new Europe!" More sensitive spirits could feel, he alone could utter it, so that men saw, on the ruins of classicalism and ecclesiasticism, a new power arising soon to be sovereign over the whole realm of human ideas and hopes.

The new Europe was very near and stretched afar. He gave the Priesthood of believers to the future, and the open Bible. What measureless consequences his cause had initiated and inspired when that cause, through and by his translation of the Bible in his own land's mother-tongue, had made sure begun the emancipation of the European mind!

With this book as inspiration and resource, William Tyndale and Miles Coverdale were so to continue and complete the task of the Venerable Bede and John Wycliffe as to make an epoch in the history of that language to be used by Hampden and Burke—an era as distinct as that which Luther's Bible so soon should mark in the history of a language to be such a potent instrument in the hands of Goethe and Hegel. For this very act of heresy Tyndale was to be called "a full-grown Wycliffe," and Luther "the redeemer of his mother-tongue." With the Bible, Calvin was to conceive republics at Geneva, and Holbein to paint, in spite of the iconoclasm

of the Reformation, the faces of Holy Mother and saint and, in spite of the cruelty of the church, scripturally conceived satires illustrating the sale of indulgences. With that book Gustavus Vasa was to protect and nurture the freedom of that land of flowing splendors, while Angelo was transcribing sacred scenes upon the Sistine Vault or fixing them in stone. Reading this book, More was to die with a smile, Latimer, Cranmer, and Ridley to perish while illuminating Europe with living torches, and the Anabaptist to arouse the sympathies of Christendom by his agonies. With this book in hand Shakspere was to write his plays; Raleigh to die, knight, discoverer, thinker, statesman, martyr; Bacon to lay the foundation of modern scientific research—three stars in the majestic constellation about Henry's daughter. With this Bible open before them, the English people would behold the Spanish Armada dashed to pieces upon the rocks, while Edmund Spenser mingled his delicious notes with the tumult of that awful wreck.

This book was to produce the Edict of Nantes, while John of Barneveldt would give new life to the command of William the Silent, "Level the dikes; give Holland back to the ocean, if need be," thus making preparation for the visit of the "Mayflower" Pilgrims to Leyden or Delfthaven. Their eyes resting upon its pages, Selden and Pym were to go to prison, while Grotius dreamed of the rights of man in peace and war, and Guido and Rubens were painting the joys of the manger or the sorrows of Calvary. His hand resting upon this book, Oliver Cromwell would consolidate the hopes and convictions of Puritanism into a sword which should conquer at Naseby, Marston Moor, and Dunbar, leave to the throne of Charles I a headless corse, and create, if only for an hour's prophecy, a commonwealth of unbending righteousness. With that volume in their homes, the Swede and the Huguenot, the Scotch-Irishman and the Quaker, the

Dutchman and the freedom-loving Catholic, were to plan pilgrimages to the West and establish new homes in America. With that book in the cabin of the "Mayflower," venerated and obeyed by sea-tossed exiles, was to be born a compact from which should spring a constitution and a government for the life of which all these nationalities should willingly bleed and struggle, under an American commander who should rise from the soil of the Cavaliers and unsheath his sword in the colony of the Puritans.

Out of that Bible was to come the Petition of Right, the National Anthem of 1628, the Great Remonstrance, and *Paradise Lost.* With it Blake and Pascal should voyage heroically in diverse seas. Under its influence Harrington should write his *Oceana*, Jeremy Taylor his *Liberty of Prophesying*, Sir Matthew Hale his fearless replies, while Rembrandt was placing on canvas little Dutch children, with wooden shoes, crowding to the feet of a Jewish Messiah.

Its lines, breathing life, order, and freedom, would inspire John Bunyan's dream, Algernon Sidney's fatal republicanism, and Puffendorf's judicature. With them William Penn would meet the Indian of the forest, and Fenelon the philosopher in his meditative solitude. Locke and Newton and Leibnitz would carry it with them in pathless fields of speculation, while Peter the Great was smiting an arrogant priest in Russia and William was ascending the English throne. From its poetry, singers like Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning would catch the divine afflatus; from its statesmanship, Burke, Romilly, and Bright would learn how to create and redeem institutions; from its melodies, Handel, Bach, Mendelssohn, and Beethoven would write oratorios, masses, and symphonies; from its declarations of divine sympathy, Wilberforce, Howard, and Florence Nightingale were to emancipate slaves, reform prisons, and mitigate the cruelties of war;

from its prophecies, Dante's hope of a united Italy was to be realized by Cavour, Garibaldi, and Victor Emmanuel; and, with her hand upon the Bible which Luther opened for Christendom, Victoria, England's coming queen, was to sum up her history as a power amid the nations of the earth, when, replying to the question of an ambassador, "What is the secret of England's superiority among the nations?" she said, "Go tell your prince that this is the secret of England's political greatness."

And now, concerning us, what else may be said, except this, that in these free and law-abiding commonwealths constituting a self-governing nation, unimpeachable are our century and a half of years in the practical working out of the personal and political supremacy of the Christ of the open Bible? In these United States we honor the rugged son of the German miner as one of the chief founders of a government of the people, for the people, and by the people. His genius for mental and moral self-government was proof against all absolutism and autocracy. We have gratefully and gladly inherited Martin Luther's robust and healthful spirit; and now he is rough-grinding the American intellect and conscience like a sword which shall not return unto its scabbard until democracy is safe everywhere in our world. He taught our fathers and their sons the sacred right of private judgment. He invested the modern consciousness with the conviction that man is capable of self-government. He was a child of the common people and, like our Washington whom he prefigured in himself, he disdained the illusion that physical power alone determines human destinies. He has disciplined republicanism for four centuries into the conviction that crowns, tiaras, scepters, and thrones and their occupants have no divine right to govern wrong. He is our leader today against caste, privilege, and the assumption of authority,

and stands forth like our Lincoln, who is largely the product of the spiritual reformation he achieved, and who said: "God must love common people, for he has made so many of them." Forgetting many of the superstitions of his time which did cling to him who was so grandly human and one of us, we find that his practical religious necessity becomes our own, and our national soul must be saved, as was his, when he threw himself upon God. That any institution, State or Church, is more authoritative than the human conscience enlightened by intelligence was a theory as false to him as it is to the American mind now girded and embattled for the saving of constitutional government. We believe in the religious democracy which alone will assure a social democracy, because Luther's spirit was better than his fears as to the Peasants' Uprising. No man ever more truly, in his errors, handled the spear whose butt will heal the wounds made by its point. Against all kinds of autocratic rule, accepting his principles of the sacredness of human personality and the right of every man to his own soul, his thought and conscience, his own hands and the labor of his hands, the American nation, on this four-hundredth anniversary, follows this nobler German, against the modern skeptical and superstitious Germany which would Germanize mankind with the help of Krupp guns, poison gases, and liquid fire, and, remembering Luther, Kant, Lessing, Goethe, Schiller, Bach, Mendelssohn and Beethoven, Steuben, Herkimer, De Kalb, Carl Schurz, and Franz Siegel, every man of us cries out against a Prussianized autocracy, against Kaiserism and despotism, as did he, saying: "Here stand I. God help me. I can do no other. If there were as many devils in Worms as there are tiles on the roofs, I would on."

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Bible. N.T. Greek and Latin. Des Erasmi Rot. in Novvm Testamentvm annotationes. . . . . Basileæ, In officina Frobeniana, 1542. 4 l., 816+p. 35^{cm}.

Contains numerous MSS notes in the hand of Melanchthon. Bound in oak boards and stamped vellum.

Boethius. De consolatione philosophiae et de disciplina scholarium. Venice, Johannes and Gregorius de Gregoriis, 10 Feb. 1497.

Fol. I^{a} (title-page) Boetius de consolatione. z | de disciplina scholarium.

Fol. 92^{a} (colophon) Adest finis Diui. Seuerini Boetii de conso- | latione. necnon de scolariū disciplina mellifluis | operibus cum sancti Tome super vtroque com- | mentariis. in hoc eodem volumine. Impressis venetiis per Joannē de Forliuio z| Gregoriū fratres Anno salutis. Mcccclxxxxvii | die. x. februrarii. ff. (4), 92. 284×204 mm. (text. (2^{a}) 250×158 mm.).

Hain, 3352 (described as part of an edition of the Opera of Boethius, 1499, '97); Copinger, 1118; Proctor, 4555; Pellechet, 2491 (vol. 2).

With MS marginal notes.

Briesmann, Johannes. Unterricht und ermanung [!] . . . . an die christlich gemeyn zu Cottbus. 1523. [15] p. 18×14^{cm}.

Without name of printer or place of publication.

Cassius Dio Cocceianus. In hoc volumine haec continentur. Nervae & Traiani, atqȝ Adriani Caesarum vitae ex Dione, G. Merula interprete Aelius Spartianus. Julius Capitolinus. Lampridius. Flavius Vopiscus. Trebellius Pollio. Vulcatius Gallicanus. [Lives of Roman Emperors.] Ab I. B. Egnatio . . . . castigati. Heliogabali ad meretrices . . . . oratio (quam a Leonardo Aretino compositam plerique credunt). I. B. Egnatii de Caesaribus libri tres a Dictatore Caesare ad Cōstantinum Palaeologum, hinc a Carlo magno ad Maximilianum Caesarem. Eiusdem in Spartiani, Lampridiiqȝ vitas . . . . annotationes. Aristidis Smyrnaei oratio de laudibus urbis Romae a Scipione Carteromacho in Latinum versa. Conflagratio Veseui montis ex Dione, G. Merula interprete. [Colophon: Venetiis in aedibus Aldi, 1519.] [8 prelim. leaves], 422 No. leaves. [1 leaf] 17^{cm}.

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The 2d Aldine edition of the Editio Princeps. Melanchthon's own copy with numerous MS notes in his hand. Once the property of the learned family Grynaeus. In contemporary German binding of oak boards and pigskin.

Ein nützlicher dialogus odder gesprechbuchlein zwischen einem Meuntzerischem Schwermer und einem euangelischem frumen bawern, die straff der auffrurischen Schwermer zu Franckenhausen geschlagen belangende. Wittemberg, Hans Lufft, 1525. [26] p. 19×14½cm.

Title within woodcut border.

Erasmus, Desiderius, *d.* 1536. Ad reverendum in Christo P. & illustrem principem Christophorum episcopum Basiliensem, epistola apologetica Erasmi Roterodami, de interdicto esu carnium, deque similibus hominum constitutionibus. Cum alijs non nullis novis quorum titulos reperies in proxima pagella. [Argentorati in aedibus Ioannis Knoblouchii, 1552.] 144 p. 14cm.

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